

RE-BAITING THE TRAPPS DEPT.

Musicals, unlike real life, usually end happily. The curtain comes down on a promising note—but we never hear the rest of the tune! Well, MAD's going to change all that right now! We're going to raise the curtain for a second look at some musicals! Remember when the noble Captain, the adorable Maria, and the seven cutie-pie children "climbed every mountain" to escape the Nazis? Well, let's see what could be happening here in the U.S. now, several years later.



THE SOUND OF MORE MUSIC

Where were you?

Marching in the Austrian Naval Veterans parade on 5th Avenue. Actually it was a one-man parade!

What do you expect, idiot! You're the only Austrian Navy veteran in New York!

What's for dinner?

Nothing! Ever since we broke up the Trapp Family Singers act, we've been starving!

It's too bad about the act breaking up. We just didn't have it anymore. I guess we're not good at anything!

Oh, no? Our kids are still good at having noisy kids of their own and moving in with us! Look at this nut house . . .



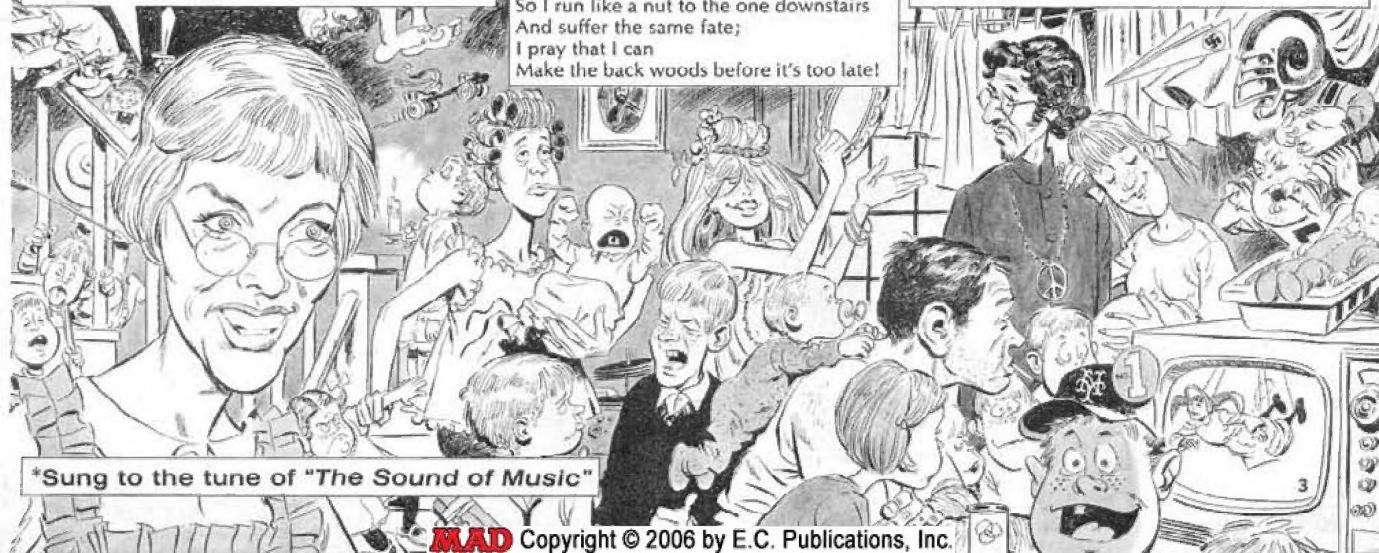
ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES

WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

* This house is insane with the sound of children; Our kids and their kids raise up quite a roar; Each room in this house is alive with children; They're stacked wall to wall right up to the door.

Each morning I rise and I make a mad dash,
'Cause nature is calling me on;
But when I arrive, there's sixty-two kids
Using the upstairs john!
So I run like a nut to the one downstairs
And suffer the same fate;
I pray that I can
Make the back woods before it's too late!

Most kids leave their homes for Big Sur and Frisco;
So how come our brats never fly the coop?
If they don't take off I may soon be part of
A ther-a-py group!



*Sung to the tune of "The Sound of Music"

Maria, you'll never guess who's in the other room with our daughter, Liesl.

Rolf, her old boy friend. He's just arrived from Berlin.

You mean that snotty Nazi who almost turned us in when she was 16 going on 17 and he was 17 going on 18?

Right. But now he's a wealthy German industrialist and I think he wants to marry her! Then we can all move in with him!

How come you never married, Liesl?

I don't know, Rolf. Must you slouch like that?

I mean you're still attractive.

Thank you. Do you have to smoke that smelly pipe in the house?

You're also quite intelligent and ...

Take your feet off the chair, don't mumble, and look at me when I'm talking!



All right, all right, now I know why nobody married you! But, Liesl, I love you anyway, and remember this ...

* You are forty, going on forty-one,
Already past your prime!
You haven't wed
And each man has fled you,
Except for Father Time!

You are forty, going on forty-one,
Why not forget the past?
Try not to think
That I once turned fink and
Almost had you all gassed!

You ran to distant borders then;
Why should it make you cross?
I only followed orders then
From my old Nazi boss!

That was forty, maybe forty-one,
Since then you've gotten fat!
Not so with me
One look and you'll see a ...

Thin-old Na-zie rat!



* Sung to the tune of "Sixteen Going On Seventeen"

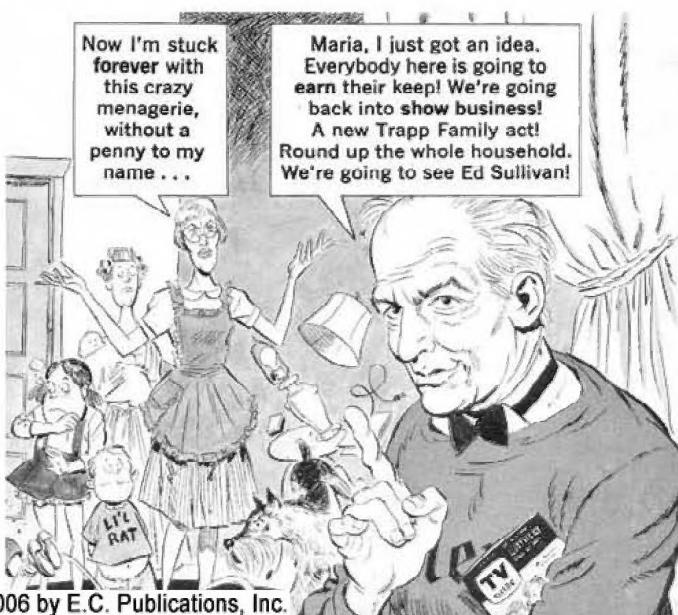
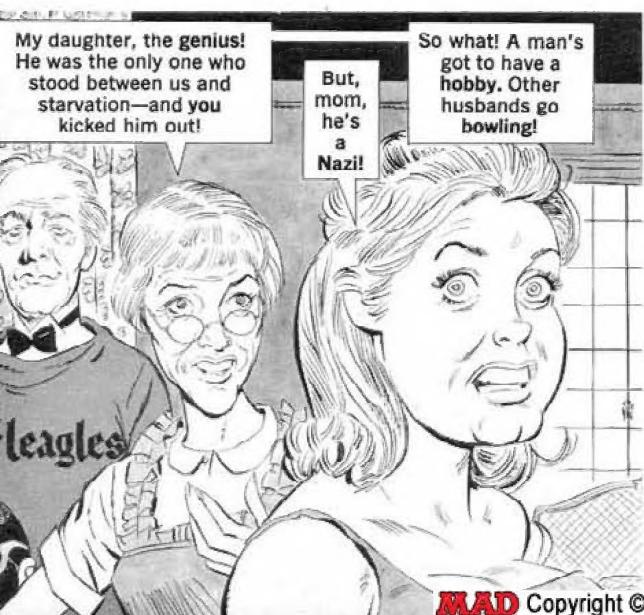
My daughter, the genius! He was the only one who stood between us and starvation—and you kicked him out!

But, mom, he's a Nazi!

So what! A man's got to have a hobby. Other husbands go bowling!

Now I'm stuck forever with this crazy menagerie, without a penny to my name ...

Maria, I just got an idea. Everybody here is going to earn their keep! We're going back into show business! A new Trapp Family act! Round up the whole household. We're going to see Ed Sullivan!



Don't you see, Ed, it's more than a great comeback for the Trapp Family—it's a new concept in entertainment! Not just me, my wife, and our seven kids like before, but our in-laws and grandkids too! Just think—a family of 32 singers. It'll be fabulous!

The idea sounds great, Captain, but you're too little and too late! Come to our rehearsal and I'll show you . . .

* Daughters and sisters and fathers and mothers, Nieces and nephews and uncles and brothers, Grandmas and grandpas who do bucks and wings, These are just some of the talented Kings . . .

Ninety-eight grandsons and sixty first cousins, All kinds of in-laws by grosses and dozens, All are showbiz and they all do their things, These are just some of the talented Kings . . .



Babies that toddle and tots in a carriage, Forty-four aunts from a previous marriage, Twelve mothers pregnant and each foetus sings, These are just some of the family of Kings . . .

When my show drops In the ratings, And I'm on the run, The doctors deliver some sixty more Kings And then I am Number One!

Babies that toddle and . . .

Okay, okay, already! We got the point! No more stanzas, please . . .

I guess that's it. The Trapp Family Singers have had it!



*Sung to the tune of "My Favorite Things"

Wrong! We're just beginning! You, I, and the seven children are going to make a fantastic comeback! What we need is a good agent. No—a great agent! In fact, the greatest! Abel Weiss!

Maria, look at the show business greats. They're all his clients. I told you he was the biggest agent in the business!

What do you know?! I'll ask this skinny man over here what he thinks. Excuse me, skinny man, but is this Weiss character any good as an agent?

Is he? What do you say, gang?



* Abel Weiss, shrewd but nice,
He's our agent in show biz;
Every day, every way,
Drumming biz where there's no biz!

Agents we know can't get you big dough,
That's a "no-no" to Abie;
If he's sent—ten percent—
You'll be his sweetie-baby!

Abel Weiss, cool as ice,
TV, movie, or LP;
He's a whiz, he makes his
Every time he can sell me;



*Sung to the tune of "Edelweiss"

Oh, no!
Not
another
acrobat
act! I'm
up to
here in
acrobats!

Er....ah...
M... Mister...
W... W... Weiss...
w... we... would...
I... like... you...
t... to... er...

Wait a minute! Do
you all stutter?
Ted Mack is looking
for nine stutters
to sing "Yankee
Doodle Dandy" while
hitting each other on
the heads with a ...

Mr. Weiss, we don't stutter.
We are the Trapp Family and
we've sung all over the world
to great acclaim. We
specialize in classical songs
and religious music. But
we haven't worked for a
while. Can you tell us ... ?

* What are we gonna do with our caree-er?
No one'll pay us dough to sing a psalm;
We've got an act that no one wants to hea-ear;
Though we oil our throats
And hit all the notes ...
We bomb!



*Sung to the tune of
"How Do You Solve A Problem Like Maria"

No one around will buy "Ave Maria";
That is a tune that doesn't have a prayer;
We tried to do songs by Liszt,
And all of them booed and hissed;
Handel's "Messiah's" death in Delaware!
Oh what are we gonna do with our caree-er?
Why do the kids in Berkeley say we're square?

We sang Bach while out in Butte.
And they pelted us with fruit;
We did concerts in Chicago and Milan;
When we chanted "Rock of Ages"
We were knocked right off the stages;
We laid an egg in Frisco, so we ran!

Out in Vegas we sang Strauss,
There was no one in the house!
When we gave them stuff from Haydn they would hide!
When we sang some César Franck,
We were told that César stanck!
Out in Moscow "Silent Night" was suicide!
What are we gonna do with our caree-er?
Sat-ur-day night in Car-negie we died!



Hah, it's no wonder you bombed. Nobody digs that kind of music today! Let me give you the facts of life in the music business from A to Z . . .

A... Avoid both tone and pitch,
B... Be sure you use no clef,
C... Choose lyrics somewhat blue,
D... Don't worry if you're deaf,
E... Emit an echoed blast,
F... Find ways to moan and sob,
G... Give up the whole thing fast—
Without backing from the MOB!

But you said you'd give us the music business from A to Z and you stopped at G . . .

Look, Charlie, without G you can forget H to Z!

*Sung to the tune of "Do-Re-Mi"

If working with the mob is all it takes, then we'll work with the mob!

Good thinking. I'll represent you. I take 10% after kickbacks. Deal?

Deal! But just one thing. Will you help us create a new act?

What do you mean create? What do you mean new act? It's just a simple matter of making what's "out"—"in." And the way to be "in" today is to be out—way out! In other words, you folks just have to be yourselves! It's just your publicity that has to change. . . .

* Don't mime each combo,
Don't grow your hair,
Wear your 'old world' costumes—
It's "in" to be square!

Sing songs from '30's,
Like Tiny Tim,
You'll get rich like it got—
Er, I mean like him!

This combo can make it and go all the way,
But it's all up to God and Murray the K!

Don't use new gimmicks,
Don't change your theme,
In the world of pop-songs—
Nothing's too extreme!

*Sung to the tune of "Climb Every Mountain"